Eng. Poetry vol 25.

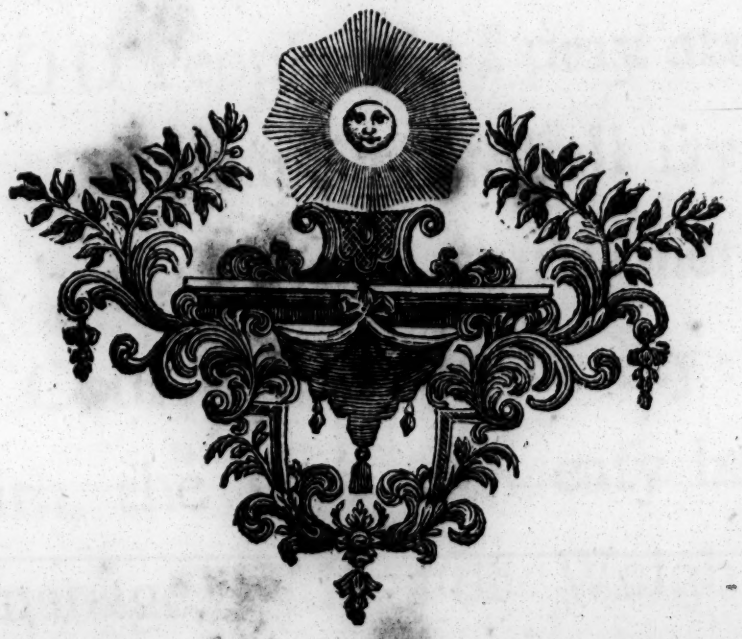
A

TOUCH of the TIMES.

A NEW

BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Oh! London is a fine Town.*



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A

TOUCH of the TIMES

A NEW

BALLAD.

LONDON.

A TOUCH of the TIMES.

A NEW BALLAD.

I.

GOOD People all, I pray attend
To what I now ſhall ſay,
And hear how Citizens wou'd mend,
How Courtiers would betray:
And, Faith, the Task muſt eaſy be
To manage Things of Weight,
When Smiths and Cheeſemongers agree
To mend and rule the State.

Oh! London is a fine Town, &c.

II.

An hundred thouſand Stateſmen live
Within the City Wall,
Who Rules of Politicks can give
To Stateſmen at *Whitehall.*
Arch in their Clubs, on Huſtings ſage,
The Publick they bewail,
And there they joke, and here they rage,
Brim-full of Drink, and Zeal.

Oh! London, &c.

III.

Whate'er is done they blame: Ah why?
Becauſe that it is done:
And were it not, they then wou'd cry,
Why was it let alone?
'Gainſt Grievances, they loudly cry,
One Grievance moſt of all,
The King and Parliament deny,
The Umpire of *Guild Hall*.

Oh! London, &c.

IV.

What Eloquence has modern *Pym!*
His Strains who can rehearſe?
Sure none e'er yet cou'd rival him,
But *Gl---r* in Blank Verſe.
Yet might the *Spartan* Bard have known,
('Twill be by all allow'd)
Debate wiſe *Sparta* ſuffer'd none,
Amongſt the giddy Crowd.

Oh! London, &c.

V.

What fires our Spokeſmen's Tongue and Pen,
Declare the Cauſe, my Song:
Gl---r may be an Alderman,
George Member e'er 'tis long:
In Time each Orator may gain
A creditable Place;
All Places muſt be damn'd till then,
As Marks of vile Diſgrace.

Oh! London, &c.

VI.

Ev'n *L--tt--n* of haughty Heart,
A Patriot ſtern and ſlim,
Orator Poet, Author ſmart,
Took Place, when Place took him.
Five hundred Princely Marks a Year
He thinks it right to glean,
And yet his Conſcience ſtill is clear,
And ſtill his Flanks are lean.

O London, &c.

VII.

See there behind that Counter ſtands,
A Patriot juſt, and wiſe,
Who, whilſt he boaſts his honeſt Hands,
Will cheat before your Eyes.
Sir *John* a Place-Bill needs muſt have,
To keep Us from Diſgrace;
This ſurely will the Nation ſave,
Tho' *Jacky* keep his Place.

Oh! London, &c.

VIII.

Now mark, ye *Britons*, and regard
The Difference I deſcribe,
A Patriot's Place is a Reward,
A Courtier's is a Bribe:
Elſe this wou'd ſeem full marvelous,
And make good Subjects ſtare,
What's wicked at *St. James's Houſe*,
Is Virtue in the *Square*.

Oh! London, &c.

IX.

The Mayor and all his Aldermen,
In this great Point agree;
Kings may be libell'd now and then,
But Citizens are free;
And Printers who would live at Eaſe,
In this wiſe Scheme perſiſt:
They publiſh Scandal when they pleaſe,
But print no City Liſt.

O London, &c.

XIV.

Ye Powers averſe to Fraud and Stealth,
Make wicked Men leſs bad;
Ye Powers, who guard the Commonwealth,
Prevent our running mad.
For once, united, let's advance,
Let's ſhew a juſt Diſdain;
And with thoſe Swords which conquer'd FRANCE,
Revenge our Wrongs on SPAIN.

Oh! London, &c.

FINIS.